



The
Wolf's
Side
of the
Story

By Rick Briggs /
Illustrated by Gerald Warren





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DEFENDANT TESTIFIES!



**Daily American, Somerset, PA,
Saturday, November 30, 1996**

SOMERSET, PA (AP) – A. Wolf took the stand today in his own defense. This shocked and stunned the media who predicted that he would not testify in the brutal double murder trial. Wolf is accused of killing (and eating) the First Little Pig, and the Second Little Pig. This criminal trial is expected to be followed by a civil trial to be brought by the surviving Third Little Pig. The case has been characterized as a media circus.

His testimony is transcribed below:

Everybody knows the story of the **Three Little Pigs**. Or at least they think they do. But I'll let you in on a little secret. Nobody knows the real story because nobody has ever heard **my side of the story**. I'm Alexander T. Wolf. You can call me Al.

I don't know how this whole **Big Bad Wolf** thing got started, but it's all wrong. Maybe it's because of our diet. Hey, it's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies, sheep, and pigs. That's just the way we are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think you were Big and Bad too. But like I was saying, the whole big bad wolf thing is **all wrong**.

The REAL STORY is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.



So, I called, **“Little Pig, Little Pig, are you in?”** No answer. I was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for **my dear old granny’s birthday cake**. That’s when my nose started to itch. I felt a sneeze coming on. **Well, I huffed. And I snuffed. And I sneezed a great sneeze.**

And you know what? The whole darn straw house fell down and right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig – dead as a doornail. **He was home the whole time.** It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner laying there in the straw. **So, I ate him up.**

This is the REAL STORY.

Way back in “Once Upon a Time” time, I was making a birthday cake for **my dear old granny**. I had a terrible sneezing cold. I ran out of **sugar**. So, I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar. Now this neighbor was a pig, and he wasn’t too bright either. He had built his whole house out of **straw**. Can you believe it?

I mean who in his right mind would build a house of straw? So of course, the minute I knocked on the door, it fell right in. I didn’t want to just walk into someone else’s house.



Think of it as a cheeseburger just laying there. I was feeling a little better. **But I still didn't have my cup of sugar.** So, I went to the next neighbor's house. This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother.

He was a little smarter, but not much. He had built his house of **sticks**. I rang the bell on the stick house. Nobody answered. I called, **"Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"** He yelled back **"Go away wolf. You can't come in."** I'm **shaving the hairs on my chinny chin, chin."**

I had just grabbed the doorknob when I felt another sneeze coming on.



I huffed. And I snuffed. And I tried to cover my mouth, but I sneezed a great sneeze.

And you are not going to believe this, but the guy's house fell down just like his brother's.

When the dust cleared, there was the Second Little Pig – dead as a doornail. **Wolf's honor.** Now you know food will **spoil** if you just leave it out in the open.

So, I did the only thing there was to do. **I had dinner again. Think of it as a second helping.**





Talk about impolite!

He probably had a **whole sack full of sugar** and he wouldn't give me even one little cup for **my dear sweet old granny's birthday cake**.

What a pig!

I was just about to go home and maybe make a **nice birthday card** instead of a cake, when I felt my cold coming on.

I huffed. And I snuffed.

And I sneezed once again.

Then the Third Little Pig yelled,

I was getting awfully full. But my cold was feeling a little better. **And I still didn't have that cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake.**

So, I went to the next house. This guy was the First and Second Little Pig's brother. He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of **bricks**.

I knocked on the brick house. No answer. I called, **"Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"**

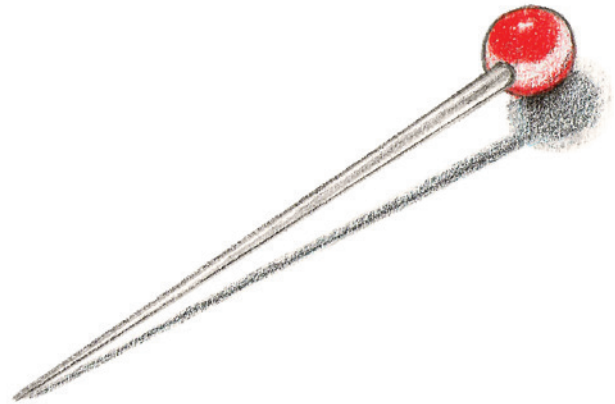
And do you know what that **rude little porker answered?** "Get out of here, wolf. Don't bother me again."



“And your old granny can sit on a pin!”

Now I’m usually a pretty calm fellow. But when somebody talks about **my granny like that, I go a little crazy.**

When the **cops** drove up, of course I was trying to break down this **Pig’s** door. **And the whole time I was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene.**



The rest, as they say, is **history.**

The news reporters found out about the two pigs I had for dinner.

They figured a sick guy going to borrow a **cup of sugar** didn’t sound very exciting.

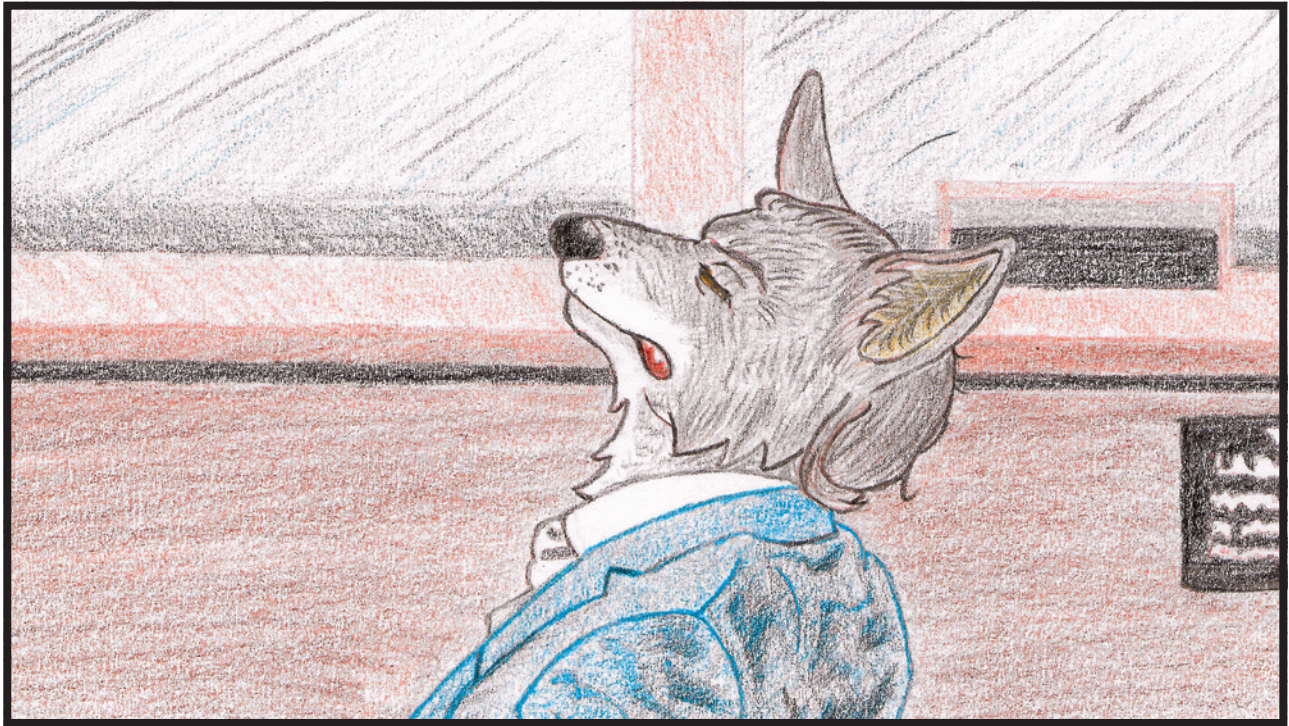
So, they jazzed up the story with all of that **“Huff and puff and blow your house down.”**

And they made me the **Big Bad Wolf.**

That’s it, the **REAL STORY.** I was framed.

But maybe you could loan me a cup of sugar?

BIG BAD WOLF FOUND GUILTY!





The Wolf: villain or victim? The Three Pigs: innocent or at fault? The Jurors (Miss Muffet, Bo Peep, Cinderella and Humpty-Dumpty, to name a few) solid citizens or characters with a past? And what about Judge Wise O. Owl? Is justice on his side or does he have a secret to hide?

Then there's the media reporter, newscaster, and town crier. Have they come to accurately report the proceedings or to turn the courtroom into a media circus? And who is that surprise witness at the end? The answers to these profound questions and even more are revealed once and for all in this rollicking, fun-filled, action-packed trial-of-the-century (of course this century's nearly over, so look for a new trial-of-the-century in a couple of years).



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Just as he did in the widely produced Trial of Goldilocks, Rick Briggs examines the guilt, or innocence, of the accused from different points of view and comes up with a surprising, yet eminently satisfying conclusion in which no one escapes unscathed.

And as a bonus, a lesson or two is learned along the way. It all ends happily ever after, of course, with the newly bonded Wolf and Pigs along with the fairy-tale jury and all the others heading for a post-trial party at the castle of Old King Cole.

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